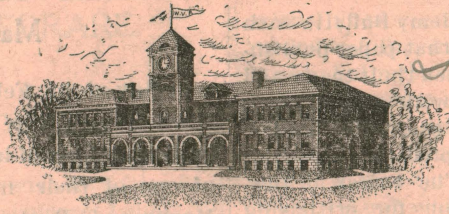


# The



# Refert

VOL. 1.

KEYSER, W. VA., FEBRUARY 21, 1906.

No. 4

Suddenly through the broad lands with incredible  
swiftness goes Rumor,  
Rumor, so evil that no other being malicious sur-  
passes.  
Mighty in swiftness she flies, and adds to her power  
in going;  
Checked by demureness at first, she soon soars aloft  
to the open,  
Touching her feet to the ground and bearing her  
head in the heavens,  
She is a daughter of Earth, they say, who, enraged  
at the deities  
Bore her a sister to Coeus and Enceladus hid under  
Aetna.  
Swift are her feet not alone, but also her wings  
light and agile.  
Horrible is she to see, a monster fierce in her great-  
ness.  
Like to her number of plumes are her eyes—ever  
watchful beneath them.  
And, it is wondrous to say, her tongue and her  
ears in attention,  
Equal in number the voices that come from her  
mouths falsely shrieking,  
Through the dark shades of the night she whirrs  
'twixt the earth and the heavens,  
Nor does she stop to rest in slumber sweet and re-  
freshing.  
High in the daytime she sits as a spy on the roofs  
of the houses,  
Or on a citadel high and frightens the folk in the  
cities;  
And she delights more to lie than to be a messenger  
truthful.

Virgil's Conception of Rumor.

Translated by Hans Narr.

Subscribers, remember that the paper cannot be run on "Hot-air" alone, but must have something more substantial. The treasurer reports quite a number of delinquent subscribers and we ask you one and all to pay up back dues. You are enjoying the paper—or at least we hope you are—and do you not think that you should do your part to keep it up? Please be prompt in paying, for we also have our expenses to meet.

## EXCHANGES.

We received the following exchanges last month: The Oracle, The Acta, The Picket, The Illuminator, and The Academy Bulletin. All of these papers show a large amount of school spirit and some of them contained much well-written and interesting material. We believe the school paper to be the happy medium through which the different schools and colleges may be kept in close touch with each other and a friendly interest aroused thereby. We believe that everything should be kept from the school paper that might have a tendency to create bitter feeling and enmity between schools and only that which represents school life in general should be inserted within its columns.

The Senior and Junior classes contemplate putting out a school annual this year. All students of the schools are urged to aid us in this work by subscribing for one or more copies. Do not delay about giving your name for a copy of the annual, but remember that in order to publish a school annual we must first ascertain whether or not we shall be able to sell a sufficient number of copies to meet expenses. Your school days are those in which many close ties of friendship are formed and in after years when thinking over your past life you will find some of the brightest links in memory's chain are those that were forged during your school days at the "Prep". When looking over the pages of a school annual you recognize the faces of your friends and class-mates and the old happy scenes and incidents of school life are brought clearly before you and in your mind's eye you live them all over again. The pleasure you will be able to get from the annual will be worth many times the small price that will be charged for it. Remember it will contain pictures of all the athletic teams, literary societies, Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. and many other departments of the school. If you should buy one half the pictures above they would cost you many times the price of an annual.

Why didn't "Gander" come to the basket-ball game with Frostburg? Because he didn't like to hear that little whistle.



We were sorry to see in the Academy Bulletin such a violent article as the editors of that paper published on the basket-ball games between their teams and ours. The article was reeking with maledictions against our school and its students. Nothing but "Sour Grapes" could have prompted the saying of such unkind things as those. The writer of that article is surely no suitable person for criticising gentlemanly manners, for no true gentleman would write such. And also we are sorry that the editors of the Bulletin allow such matter to enter the pages of their paper. We think that the school paper should be an organ of the school, into which no malicious or defamatory matter should be inserted; we try to make the Refert such and likewise all schools should. We wish to cause no ill feeling between our school and any other through the pages of our paper, but on the other hand we desire to ally them in friendly and beneyolent bonds. Let us not foster any reproachful feeling toward one another, or at least let us not publish them in our pages; for "In Union there is Strength."

---

"Poor Pussy," Inez.

---

"Fatty" J. seems to have cornered the market in kisses.

---

"Fritz" says there is some one in the world that "haint" forgotten him yet.

---

"Brown" C, in Geometry—"Given a circle inscribed about polygon A B C D."

---

It seems that Barrickman exhausted his monthly allowance by sending valentines to the girls last week.

---

The monthly reports came out week before last. You should have seen the look on some of the student's faces.

---

The people in town thought that Barnum's circus had escaped Saturday morning when the masqueraders had their pictures taken.

---

We think Inez had better say her prayers in the daytime and thus avoid being carried into the mystic land of dreams until after 3 A. M.

---

A very talkative lady was dining out at the home of a friend and sliced beef tongue was served. The hostess offered her the tongue a second time with the words, "Will you have some tongue?"

"No," replied the talkative one, who still had some tongue on her plate, "I have a plenty." And she wondered why the men laughed.

## Masquerade Party.

Friday night, Feb. 16 marked a pleasant social event among the "Prep" students. The W. S. G. Junior class of last year celebrated the birthday of one of their members, Chas. Ritchie, by a Masquerade Party at the home of Fred R. Koelz, on Main St.

At 7:30 all assembled in their masks and were shown to the dressing rooms where a hum of excitement prevailed during the preparation. When all were ready, they wended their way to the parlor in silence broken now and then by half-suppressed giggling. All were given pencil and paper and the girls were asked to guess the boys and vice versa. At nine o'clock all unmasked amid shouts of laughter and surprise. Alphonse and Gaston kept the company in an uproar of laughter all the evening. Next, picture-post-cards were handed around and each person was requested to write a piece of poetry about the picture. After this, twelve postals were passed around with a word on each and the company were requested to write the sentence which the words composed. Refreshments were served at ten o'clock in the dining room. The tables were spread in the class colors, green and white, and the room was decorated with potted plants. The rest of the evening was spent in music and charades.

Those present and the characters they represented were:

Anna Dilgard.....	Folly.
Nellie Johnson.....	Night.
Pearl Compton.....	Shepherdess.
Hattie Wilson.....	Little-Bo-Peep.
Sadie Friend.....	Colonial Maid.
Inez McNeill.....	A Valentine.
Edna Hamstead.....	Little Red Riding Hood.
Helen Babb.....	Gypsy Girl.
Laura Lauck.....	Grecian Maiden.
Emlie Coffroth.....	Japanese Lady.
W. A. Barrickman.....	Gaston.
Clyde McDowell.....	Alphonse.
Homer Hott.....	Sunny Jim.
Chester Clark.....	Indian.
Chas. Ritchie.....	Monk.
Maurice Perry.....	Sailor.
Chas. Arnold.....	Sailor.
Joe Grubb.....	Army Officer.
Fred R. Koelz.....	Romeo.

"Perry" brought Pearl over to the masquerade party Friday evening. Pearl telephoned to "Perry" to come over to take her back Sunday.

"Perry" came.

And so Pearl has "went".



## HUMANUM EST ERRARE.

### AN ALLEGORY.

One beautiful summer day I was walking over a stretch of country in company with two friends, a boy and a girl, whom, for convenience, I shall call Ralph and Eurice. We were walking along and idly gazing at the wonderful scenery all about us. Far and wide was a vast expanse of green—it was in a farming region—here alfalfa, there grass and in another place the clover showed its white blossoms amid its solid verdure. In the dim distance ahead was a gray chain of mountains losing their tips in the clouds above. Over all was a glorious sunlight making a scene of true splendor to us three wanderers. On and on we trudged unmindful of time and living, hardly speaking a word unless to praise again and again this portion of God's beautiful world. Now we were in the dense clover. Eurice gathered her frock full of the sweet white clover blooms and delighted herself in wearing chains of them and in sipping their sweetness. Still we walked, unable to pause lest the splendor before us should fade into a mirage. And so it was that we wandered far from the familiar highway and became lost. But the knowledge of this fate had not yet dawned upon us when we met two strangers, who seemed to rise from the ground. But no, that could not be, for their visages were too horrible to have sprung from such beauty. We were entirely ignorant of their source for we had been too absorbed by loftier and grander things. Suffice to say they were there. After a gruff salutation from each of them and a more courteous reply from us, startled as we were, they asked us our destination. Much to our surprise as well as theirs we were unable to say.

"Lost, then?" queried one, who seemed more fierce than the other. "Follow us, we'll take you back." Without asking a question we obeyed, frightened and dumb. We seemed to be led by some unseen force, perhaps a hypnotic spell which they had cast over us.

Our direction turned to the left and at last we came out of the clover into a narrow path, which we took up in single file. Soon it began to slope downward and then turning to the left it became stony. On we went nevertheless, mute and fearful, ever following our mysterious guides. Suddenly our path turned sharply and we found ourselves led down a steep incline on the side of a precipitous cliff. An almost infinite mass of pine-trees swayed below us and the path was almost lost in the underbrush. After a short time our path ended and we had to take up our way along the sharp side of the cliff. Often the passage seemed impossible but

with dint of courage and thoughts of home we succeeded in following. Then without warning or a word of direction our guides leaped into the dense tops of the pines at our feet and vanished.

We clung to our perch aghast with terror. We glanced back at the way we had just passed over and saw that turning back was out of the question. We knew not whither further advance would bring us and besides the passage was constantly becoming more difficult. Already our fingers were becoming numb from holding to the jagged rocks and so our only choice was to leap. After fixing himself into a firm fork of the branches, Ralph lifted Eurice into the surging foliage and then they both dropped from my sight. I followed them and landed safely upon the ground of the entrance to a cave. Peering into the dim light I caught a glimpse of the fleeing feet of my two companions. I darted after them and wandered blindly through the grottoes, but I had lost them. No answer came to my repeated calling and I became deathly afraid. I paused to think. Could those men possibly be robbers and seducers of human beings? Here and there were scattered pieces of wreckage. I found in one place an empty chest and in another an old pickaxe. Aimlessly I groped my way through the now low and now high passages, fearing each moment to meet my former guides and at the same time praying to catch sight of my friends. Nowhere did I see a human form and there was no variation of the monotony. I dropped to my hands and knees and peered into every nook and corner.

On I went and repeated the action. I went through this performance many times and was about to give up in despair when oh joy, could I believe my eyes? there was a gleam of the blessed light. Eagerly I rushed toward it and it became brighter and larger. Suddenly a cloud seemed to lift before my eyes and I stood in broad daylight. I crawled out of the opening and came into a strange locality. I was happy and care-free and seemed like a new person. I walked forward and was received kindly by a pleasant looking stranger. Presently I looked aside and there was a boy and a girl approaching me who seemed somewhat strange at first but when they came up close I recognized them as my friends. I greeted them warmly and we were surprised to find that each other had greatly changed since we had last been together.

HANS NARR.

A number of students assembled at the home of Nell Johnson on Center Street to watch the eclipse on the night of Feb 7, but the sky was cloudy and the moon could not be seen. Nevertheless the students had their fun.



# THE REFERT.

Published by  
The Literary Societies of the Keyser Preparatory School.  
—PRINTED BY THE KEYSER TRIBUNE—

Issued on the Third Wednesday in Each School Month.

Literary Editors—Chas. Ritchie, Fred Koelz.  
Business Managers—Joe Grubb, Homer Hott.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 CENTS A SCHOOL YEAR.

Mr. Chester Clark spent Sunday at home.

Clyde McDowell visited his home over Sunday last.  
Aw girls, what are you going to wear to the party?

Miss Sadie Friend visited in Piedmont over Sunday last.

Helen Taylor is now kept in her room with a case of mumps.

Mr. John Horn, Prof. Horn's brother, was a visitor to the school early in the month.

The faculty has granted to the editors of the "Refert" the permission to use the tower room as an office.

The Y. M. & Y. W. C. A. are preparing to present a play in the near future. The committee has not yet decided upon what it will be.

Miss Anna Dilgard, one of the W. S. G. Jrs., came down last Thursday for the Masquerade party and was entertained by Nell Johnson.

We are sorry that Herbert had the "rheumatics" so bad that he could not attend the masquerade party. So much for too much skating.

Herbert White, Chas. Arnold and Will Barrickman, three of the basket-ball players, have been suffering from slight injuries received in playing.

The meetings of all the societies were put off Friday night. The Literary Societies did not meet at all. The Y. M. C. A. met at 3:45 Friday afternoon and the Y. W. C. A. held their meeting Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

Friday evening, Feb. 2, after Literary, Prof. Anderson's classes gave him a surprise party at his home on Church St. It had been found out beforehand that Thursday was the birthday of the Professor and his classes went in for a frolic. As the crowd approached the house they serenaded with a song prepared for the occasion and school yells. The Professor was greatly surprised by the sudden invasion and at the door he was presented with a handsome bunch of carnations. The evening was spent by a contest in tearing animals out of paper and by filling in the blanks of a story with names of authors. Light refreshments were served afterwards. At midnight the crowd departed singing and giving yells, and all expressed their great appreciation of the occasion.

Rev. J. W. Purcell, the new Presbyterian minister of this place, has conducted the chapel exercises the past week.

While playing basket-ball, E. C. Pifer received a black eye last week from running against one of the iron posts in the gymnasium.

Many of the students have been spending their leisure moments in skating, for which sport the weather has been very favorable the last two weeks.

St. Valentine day has come and gone; and may all the little heart aches caused by the receiving of comic valentines soon be forgotten and the little love tokens sent by bashful lovers be productive of good results.

An excellent lecture was given to the students Wednesday Feb. 14, by Mr. O'Dwyer, a blind man. Mr. O'Dwyer spoke extensively on the concentration of the mind and the education of the blind. Although deprived of his sight he seemed to understand human nature a great deal better than most people who have the use of all the senses, and proved to us that sight is not at all a primary sense in the great work of training the mind. In beginning his lecture he skillfully played several excellent selections on the piano and whistled several solos.

Miss Elsie Hoffman, the instructress in music, returned from the New England Conservatory on Tuesday Jan. 23, and took up her work on Thursday. Miss Hoffman has returned with a broader knowledge of the art and has entered upon her work with zeal.

Miss Fannie Guthrie, who filled the position during Miss Hoffman's leave of absence, left for her home Friday Jan. 26. We are sorry to lose such a person as Miss Guthrie from the school. While here she made many friends and was well liked by her pupils. She conducted the music department faithfully and skillfully, as shown by the musicale given at the first of the term. In bidding Miss Guthrie goodbye we extend to her our best wishes for the future and hope that at some other time she may be with us again.

We heartily commend the talk given by Professor Haught to the students Monday morning concerning the cigarette habit, and hope that all students will carefully consider the remarks made by him. Mr. Haught has written several articles on this subject and has made a careful study of the evil effects of the habit upon the youth. This is not the first talk he has made upon this subject, but we hope it will be the last one that will be necessary for him to make before the students of our school. In this discourse he read articles upon the subject written by other prominent educational men who have also given the evil effects of the cigarette habit a careful study. Although we have comparatively few students in our school who indulge in the use of the cigarette, we hope that those few will be sufficiently impressed by what Mr. Haught has said to abandon the habit altogether.



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T. W. HAUGHT, Keyser, W. Va.



# ATHLETIC

## W. V. P. 25 Frostburg 31.

On the 27th of January the "Prep" Sr. played Frostburg. Although the "Preps" were outweighed, they put up a good game.

As the Frostburg "Gym" was much smaller and not lighted as well as the "Prep" gymnasium, this was a disadvantage to the "Preps".

### "PREP" LINE UP.

George Boyd.....	Center
Clyde McDowell.....	} Forwards
Ernest Pifer.....	
Chas. Arnold.....	} Guards
W. Barrickman.....	
Horace Menefee.....	} Subs.
Herbert White.....	

## W. V. P. 12 Frostburg 10.

On February 10, the best basket ball game so far this season at the "Prep Gym" was played, between Frostburg and the "Preps".

The game was very exciting and interesting. The score was a tie for a while.

The "Preps" were outweighed, but this did not seem to affect them any. A great many fouls were called on both sides.

### "PREP" LINE UP.

George Boyde.....	Center
Clyde McDowell.....	} Forwards
Joe Spicer.....	
W. Barrickman.....	} Guards
Ernest Pifer.....	
Horace Menefee.....	Sub.
Mr. Bond.....	Referee
Roy Mulledy.....	Umpire
Walter Trenton.....	Timekeeper
Herbert White.....	Scorer

## W. V. P. Sr. 17 A. C. A. Sr. 19.

## W. V. P. Jr. 20 A. C. A. Jr. 10.

Wednesday evening, February 7, the Senior and Junior teams of the W. V. P. went to Cumberland to play the second game with A. C. A. Seniors and Juniors. The W. V. P. Sr. team was defeated on the close score of 17 to 19. The W. V. P. Juniors won victory by a score of 20 to 10.

### LINE UP.

A. C. A. Sr.	W. V. P. Sr.
Morris.....	Center.....
Lammert.....	Forward.....
Offut.....	".....
Wilson.....	Guard.....
Smith.....	".....
	Boyd
	Spicer
	McDowell
	Pifer
	Arnold

A. C. A. Jr.	W. V. P. Jr.
W. Fuller.....	Center.....
George.....	Forward.....
Conway.....	".....
Holzen.....	Guard.....
E. Fuller.....	".....
	Lauck
	Menefee
	Clark
	Lowry

## Two More Victories for the W. V. P.

One of the most hotly contested games of basket ball that has ever been played in the "Prep" gymnasium came off Wednesday Jan. 24, between the Senior teams of the W. V. P. and the A. C. A. of Cumberland. The A. C. A. team had won several brilliant victories previous to this game and came to Keyser with expectations of heightening their fame as basket ball players to a still higher degree. Both teams played with remarkable energy, but the A. C. A.'s were surpassed both in strength and skill. The large crowd that followed the A. C. A. team from Cumberland expecting to see them win another brilliant victory, cheered voluminously, but were met by an equal amount of enthusiasm from the W. V. P. students and friends.

When time was called for the end of the game the score stood 18 to 9 in favor of the W. V. P.

The line up was as follows:

A. C. A.	W. V. P.
Offut.....	Center.....
Lammert.....	Forward.....
Morris.....	".....
Wilson.....	Guard.....
Smith.....	".....
	Boyd
	Spicer
	McDowell
	Barrickman
	Arnold

W. V. P. goals from field Boyd 4, McDowell 4. Goals from fouls, Spicer, 1. McDowell, 1. A. C. A. goals from field Offut 3, Lammert 1. Goals from fouls, Offut 1.

Between the halves of this game, a game was played between the junior teams of the A. C. A. and W. V. P. The A. C. A. juniors were so greatly surpassed in strength and skill by the W. V. P. juniors that the game was not even interesting and ended with a score of 15 to 0 in favor of the W. V. P.

The following is the line up:

A. C. A. Jr.	W. V. P. Jr.
George.....	Center.....
Martin.....	Forward.....
Conway.....	".....
Thompson.....	Guard.....
Fuller.....	".....
	White
	Menefee
	Pifer
	Lauck
	Lowry

Juniors, W. V. P. goals from field, Menefee 3, White 2, Pifer 1, Lauck 1. Goals from fouls, Pifer 1.

WANTED—Some one to elect us managers of the girls basket-ball team.  
Lola & Caddie.



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## Popular Superstitions.

Have popular superstitions died out in America? Judging from our standard of civilization and the intelligence of the American citizen, one would naturally think they have. Yet, a great many people, even some of ordinary intelligence, still cling to the superstitions of our simple-minded fore-fathers. It is probable that the superstitions of today will still live in the minds of many American people when a hundred years have rolled by, or even as long as the American Republic may last. As some one has said:

"No use for the death of knaves and fools to sigh,  
For the young ones, will grow up before the old ones die."

To trace the beginning of the many popular superstitions is not possible. That they had a common origin is very probable; for the legends and folk love stories of most nations have a close resemblance to each other.

It is not strange that the American Indians, who spent their time in the wilderness where the ripple of the water and the rustle of the leaves and twigs seemed to speak in accents intelligible to the beasts and birds of the forest, should be superstitious. Having no knowledge of the true and living God, it is no wonder that they worshiped a good and an evil spirit. Judging the supernatural beings from their own standard of right and wrong, they worshiped the bad spirit most; for, thought they, the good spirit is kind and will not hurt us if we neglect him, while the evil spirit may do us harm if we fail to show him proper respect.

As I said before, it is not strange that an ignorant and uncivilized people like the American Indians should have many such vainfancies, but why a civilized and enlightened people like the citizens of the United States should cling to superstitions as unreasonable and foolish as those of the Indian or Hotentot, is a problem that I am unable to solve.

To my mind, the man who examines his almanac to find a suitable sign by which to plant his corn or potatoes or inconveniences himself or neighbor rather than undertake a journey on Friday, commits an act as foolish as the Indian who solemnly promises the fish that their bones will be respected or asks a conjurer to drive an evil spirit from the body of a friend.

## THE ZEKIAD.

(Continued.)

Zeke looked with wonder at the girls and boys  
And could not think at all what this could mean:  
Some years before while reading o'er the news  
He learned that boys were often hazed at school  
And more than one had lost his life therefrom.  
The thought of this now came into his mind  
And made him fear the friendly acts of these  
Who strove to make him feel at home with them.  
He thought of what he once had learned in school  
That those who seem to be the best of friends  
Are sometimes not the ones in whom to trust,  
With timid steps Zeke followed on the one  
Who seemed to be the leader of the crowd.  
With beating heart and trembling limbs he walked  
Along, surrounded by the merry group;  
With open mouth and staring eyes he looked  
From side to side at everything in view  
In all his simple rustic life before  
He had not seen nor heard such curious things  
As met his gaze wherever he might look.  
His genial friends now showed him to the place  
Where they were expecting him to stay.  
When all his happy friends had said good-bye  
And he was left alone within his room  
He almost feared to move around within,  
The place where Zeke had found to board was one  
Which, at this time was filled with boys galore  
And some of them inclined to do the things  
That seem to them in mischief bent to be  
The things that all good students ought to do  
But not so to the luckless lad who fell  
A victim to their jokes and divers pranks,  
When soon the supper bell rang out to him  
The message Zeke desired yet feared to hear  
He followed on with timid steps the boy  
Who kindly led him to the evening meal.  
A crowd of mischief loving boys he met  
Who somehow had discovered that his name  
Was Zeke; and loudly greeted him as such.  
Of course Zeke tried to show some etiquette  
And be just right in every thing he did.  
Alas for him who tries to make a show  
And pose in colors that are not his own.  
Sometimes he may deceive his fellow men  
But seldom does it ever happen thus.  
To Zeke a dire calamity betell  
When he most wished to show dexterity.

(To be Continued.)

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